



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

mercial ends. In the so-called "Chamber of Horrors" at Madame Tussaud's in point of fact there are no horrors at all—at least none of this description. The effigies of notorious criminals are shown generally in the very clothes worn by the originals, and some historical relics of the French Revolution are preserved there, including the guillotine used during the Reign of Terror. But nothing worse. Not even in the cellars of the Musée Grévin do I recall anything quite so revolting as some of the groups exhibited in the crypt of its New York prototype.

* * *

THE projected extension of the premises of Kirby & Sutton through to Twenty-second Street will make the American Art Gallery a lively competitor with the National Academy of Design for purposes of art exhibitions. With the completion of this improvement, it is not unlikely that a powerful combination will be made by the younger artists of the advanced schools, which may result in the founding of a new Academy, whose degrees will be more esteemed than those of the existing institution, which cannot fairly be said to represent all that is best in the American fine arts. The formation of a new Water Color Society is in the near future, and "the Pastel Painters" will perhaps form the nucleus of such an organization. Water-color drawings and pastel paintings might constitute a single exhibition; but the fact, doubtless, will be recognized that they cannot with propriety be companions upon the same walls.

* * *

THAT excellent marine artist, Arthur Quartley, prior to his departure for London, where henceforth he will take up his residence, will, on April 26th, have a sale of his paintings and studies at the American Art Gallery. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to tell the readers of THE ART AMATEUR that this is an occasion which picture-buyers should not neglect. Mr. Quartley's pictures have a recognized market value. But it may not be amiss to remark that no American of his ability has yet gone to England without, in a short time, more than doubling his New York or Boston studio prices. The names of George H. Boughton—who, though born in England, lived in the United States from his sixth year—Mark Fisher, Gilbert Munger, William J. Hennessey, James A. M. Whistler and Alfred Parsons readily come to mind in this connection. Frank Hopkinson Smith also will go abroad this summer, although, fortunately for New York, not for a prolonged stay. He and Mr. Quartley, as artists know, are great friends, and to make the exhibition more varied, Mr. Smith will send all his unsold work to this same sale at the American Art Gallery. The important exhibition there of the works of George Inness, preparatory to their dispersion, is in progress at the present writing.

* * *

ACCORDING to M. Eudel, whose exposé of the devices of dealers in spurious old faience is given in another part of this magazine, it is no very difficult matter to give the air of antiquity to modern pieces. Ordinarily it is done by causing the glaze to crack by heat, and then rubbing dirt and oil into these cracks to take away their look of freshness. If the pieces come fresh to the dealer from the factory he uses them in his kitchen or on his dinner-table for a time before showing them in his shop. The counterfeiting of signs is done with little knowledge of the matter, so that a specialist—and every collector should be a specialist—can readily detect the fraud. When any particular ware has become very fashionable, however, it is best to be extremely careful; for in that case it pays the dealer to study it and to take extraordinary pains with his false pieces. Copies are known which it is hard to distinguish from the model. Nothing is missing—the naïveté of the decoration, the color of the enamel, the oily and even white of the Moustiers, the blueish glaze of the Nevers, the slightly greenish ground of the Rouen, the mat ground of the Marseilles, and the brilliant finish of the Delft polychromes.

* * *

SINCE the President of the National Academy of Design and the President of the Metropolitan Museum have yielded their consent to the erection in the Central Park of the wretched statue of Bolivar, presented by the Republic of Venezuela, their names should be engraved on the plinth. Future generations of New

Yorkers should not be left in ignorance as to whom the city is indebted for its monumental art.

* * *

THE small but good display of arms and armor at the Bartholdi Pedestal Art Loan Exhibition created a popular interest in the subject, which it is gratifying to know is to be fostered in the near future by the establishment in New York of a permanent museum or the study of arms and armor of all times and countries. A handsome nucleus for such a collection is to be found in the rooms of the Military Service Institution on Governor's Island, New York Harbor. General Rodenburgh is preparing a profusely illustrated catalogue, which probably will be ready in June. Most of the "old" armor in the halls and in the dining-rooms of New York houses is spurious. But there are two or three excellent small collections. For example, the Military Service Institution might obtain for exhibition the really fine collection of Mr. Morosini, which, had it not been in the hands of the cleaner at the time, he would have shown at the recent Loan Exhibition.

* * *

THE cost of establishing in court Mr. Feuardent's charges in THE ART AMATEUR that the Cypriote antiquities in the Metropolitan Museum of Art had been improperly and deceptively restored amounted to \$64,000. Mr. Di Cesnola's \$34,000 was paid by a self-assessment by the trustees of the Museum. Mr. Feuardent's \$30,000 expenses have been cheerfully paid by two or three public-spirited New York gentlemen, who do not think the price too great for the services Mr. Feuardent has thus rendered to the study of art and archæology in America. MONTEZUMA.

HOW WE LOST THE CASTELLANI COLLECTION.

THE recent death of Alessandro Castellani, the celebrated antiquarian of Rome, and the sale of the objects of art and antiquity of which he was possessed at the time of his decease, recall too vividly the great loss which not only this city but the whole country suffered in the failure of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to purchase the collection brought to America by Castellani in 1876, and exhibited first at Philadelphia and afterward in New York. Americans who visit the British Museum will always be sorely reminded of that loss. They will see there, in the sculpture gallery, the Greek marbles, the Indian Bacchus, the Head of Apollo, and in fact nearly all the pieces of sculpture that we once had in Fourteenth Street; and, in the gold room, not only the case of antique gems which gave home-staying Americans the first opportunity they had enjoyed of seeing such objects, perfect in their kind, but also the collection of Etruscan gold ornaments—a collection not surpassed in beauty or in fineness of execution—all of which things might have been ours had there been among our trustees and rich men the knowledge to understand what an opportunity was offered them, or the taste to appreciate the beauty of the treasure.

At the close of the Philadelphia Exhibition, by an arrangement made with the trustees, the whole of the Castellani collection—the bronzes, the personal ornaments, the gems, cameos and intaglios, the rings and the magnificent display of majolica—was transferred to New York and exhibited in the Museum on Fourteenth Street for an entire year, with the avowed intention on the part of the trustees to procure its purchase if possible. It was placed in a part of the building separate from the main portion, and an additional charge was made for admission to it. At the end of the time agreed upon for its exhibition, the money for its purchase not being forthcoming, the whole collection was packed up and sent to Paris. In May of the next year, 1878, the majolica was sold at auction, and other objects were disposed of at private sale.

Thus vanished the opportunity which had been offered us of placing in the museum the nucleus, at least, of a collection of art-objects which would not only have given the institution something more than an honorable start, but would have secured for it what it has never had, the cordial good-will of all the real lovers of art in our country. All cavil against the management would have been drowned in the grateful thanks of those who knew themselves, and could show convincingly to others, the intrinsic and endur-

ing value of the collection; and while, since it was established, the museum has been of little if any practical use to the body of men and women engaged in the arts of design, with these objects in our possession there would have been an inexhaustible fountain of suggestion within reach of our artisans that must before long have made itself felt, putting life into the dead bones of our minor arts, and not without inspiring influence on the arts called higher.

Well, we lost the collection, and how did we lose it? Of course, the main cause was the indifference of the general public, especially of our wealthy citizens. Money had been forthcoming without stint and without delay to purchase the Blodgett collection of old Dutch paintings. Money had been poured out like water to fill Mr. Cesnola's pocket and saddle us forever with his patched-up collection of Cypriote antiquities, and though it took much squeezing to get the money for Mr. Avery's porcelain, much squeezing and much cajoling, yet the money came. But now, when it was a question of art of the highest kind applied to objects of human use and adornment, and of an acquisition for which no apologies would ever need to be made—nothing was done nor anything seriously attempted. But worse than this. So far from anything being attempted in the way of attracting the attention of the general public, from some cause which we shall not now discuss, the collection was rendered difficult of access to the public by being put in a place apart, and a separate charge made for admission, a condition that, as all experience shows, suffices most effectually to keep people away; and so well did it work in this case, that day after day would pass without a soul darkening the doors of the room that held almost the only things in the building worth looking at. The heads of the institution were supine and indifferent. Now and then they went through a few perfunctory motions of appeal to the public. But nothing of the least importance was ever done, and those outsiders who were alive to the greatness of the occasion were made aware of dull influences at work thwarting all their endeavors.

These are facts for Americans to ponder while this matchless collection, which should have been ours, is being dispersed under the auctioneer's hammer.

THE PASTEL EXHIBITION.

DURING two weeks, from March 17th to March 29th, there was on view at the gallery of Mr. W. P. Moore a collection of sixty-four drawings in pastel, the first exhibition of the kind, we believe, ever held in this city. Messrs. Carroll Beckwith, Blashfield, Blum, Chase, Bolton, Jones, Miller and Ulrich were the chief exhibitors; other drawings were shown by Messrs. McCutcheon, Palmer, McEwen, Niemeyer, Ross Turner, Freeman, Francis C. Jones, and by Miss Kate H. Greateore and Miss Caroline T. Hecker. The exhibition proved to be of considerable interest, as showing to a public little informed on the subject what can be accomplished in a material, known, so far as it is known at all, as the parent of certain woolly and faded portraits haunting the deserted upper rooms of decrepit country-houses.

Most of the work shown displayed technical ability of a quality not common; but, aside from this professional dexterity, there was but little to attract the searcher after an art that exists for something besides its own sake. But, then, what artist to-day cares anything for the ideal or for poetry, and in what country are the artists doing anything more than ours are doing to give us a rest from the machine-ridden round of our dreary modern life? Still, in other countries, in France, in Holland, in Italy even, there are artists who confront the hard conditions of our life with assurance, and treat things as they find them; it is only here and in England that men seem to be afraid of facts, or unable to perceive the opportunities that lie about them. Thus, in the present exhibition, there was not a drawing which could not have been made anywhere else as well as in America. There was not a trace of contemporary home-life. Mr. Chase has shown us a corner of his studio again for the twentieth time, and it might as well be a studio in Paris as in New York. And so little is individuality sought after, that the same model appears without attempt at disguise in at least six of the drawings—a well-known model, and by no means an ill-looking one, but the